

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Vol. III. No. 42. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world, Published at Toronto, from the Territorial Headquarters for Canada, North-West America, Newfoundland and the Bermudas.] APRIL 9, 1898. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.] Price 5 Cents.



JUNIORS' WEEK]

LOVE.—EVEN THE LOVE OF LITTLE BIRDS.

[NOW ON.

# MY COURAGE.

BY THE GENERAL.

February 22d, 11 p.m.  
ADJ. General, to beautiful Los Angeles, properly named as far as its situation, soft and sunny climate, and the fact that it has become a "City of Angels". Anyway, its people treated me very kindly, and I left them with regret.

Our train was three hours late, but a sleeping car was set aside by the kindness of the mess of the railway authorities, before its arrival in which I was thankful to deposit myself, and although the thumpings and shriekings of a railway depot at night are not very friendly to slumber, it was my happy lot to speedily fall into the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorator, balmy sleep."

Saturday, 26th.

Saturday, 26th, was a long, sultry, dusty day, broken only so far as I was concerned, by a twenty-minute speech by a group of Salvationists and a crowd of working men at the City of Fresno on my way. How they did listen! What a satisfaction there was in their earnestness when they want to hear! 8 p.m. Oakland at last! Oakland is a residential suburb of San Francisco—an old city of the sea, and a city of the sun. I was glad to see Oakland, and judging from the crashing of the music and the shouting of hundreds of soldiers, the burning of red and white, and the smiling faces of the people, Oakland was glad to see me. Of course being two hours late spoiled the reception and the cheering, but one expected to see Mr. Mayor, but Mr. Mayor was there to the moment, and we mounted the war chariot, and I was the first to get up on the platform, and the crowd, and the Mayor in a few really choice and very friendly words introduced the General, who made a little speech, and then they sang the hymn on my billet, with everybody full of joyous and blessed anticipation for the morrow.

Sunday, 27th, 10:30.

A large theatre was the scene of the operations for the day. It was not full, a heavy down-pour of rain doubtless being the cause of many stragglers away, but there was a fine force of soldiers in full uniform. God helped me to talk on the possibilities of faith. Coming out was no small matter the day for the penitents in one way or another had to climb the stage and reach the Mercy Seat, and that in full sight of the gazing crowd above and below. However, that morning 15 manifested their earnestness by courageously facing the ordeal, some of them broken-hearted backsliders.

Afternoon, 3:30. The theatre was packed, and hundreds turned away from the doors. The message was listened to with death-like silence, and the voice of the Spirit of God for instantaneous and unconditional submission could be heard. The pause that followed the voice of the speaker seemed as all but painful, and then the response came, and first one and then another decided the matter and evidenced it by coming forward. Thirty-eight yielded—one of whom, a lady, was wheeled on to the stage in a bath chair. It was certainly one of the most effective morning meetings of my experience in any part of the world.

Night, 7:30. Many of our morning and afternoon friends came to their homes and to their own meetings. We had, however, a full house of comparatively new people. The meeting was not a flowing over of love and grace as it was on the previous day. Perhaps the reason lay in me. The subject was more and more the same. My heart was heavy. With the responsibility of the hour, however, God was there, and two responded to the call to arise and witness their sins in the Mercy Seat of Life. That was 73 for the day. Oh, I shall never forget that visit to Oakland!

Monday, 28th.

Now for San Francisco: The city which in my early days was never mentioned without calling up visions of gold and greed and greed, and I came to it with my unliking and intensely sympathetic helpers in this campaign, Commander and Consul Booth-Zucker, we were early for this morning. I can say with the Apostle, "Here I have no continuing city—I am ever on the wing."

We had only a short railway ride, the train running mostly through the streets and highroads of Oakland, and we entered the city in the morning by ferry Steamers that run between these shores. I suppose the one we crossed in would contain of a push 1,800, or perhaps 1,500 people. Although not a bright day

there was sufficient sunshine to give the red soil of the two islands that stand out like giant sentinels on either side of the entrance, the imposing title of "The Golden Gate," was as named as I could not help looking with interest to the harbor outside which the vast Pacific Ocean rolls her lordly waters along the shores of the city. The islands around the most romantically beautiful islands of the world.

Three hours after we crossed the bay, two girls one 22 and the other 24—attempted suicide by jumping from the deck of the same steamer.

10:30. Another theatre, holding they say 3,200 more than the one in Oakland. The congregation was good for a week-day morning, the theatre being more than half full. They said that there were at least 100 ministers present, and deputations from 50 Good Endeavor Societies, together with 200 officers and a crowd of soldiers. We had a powerful time. Deliverance from sin was, as is mostly the case, my theme—far, as the Italian used to say, "All roads lead to me." All my texts and topics aim at Salvation from sin through the Blood of the Lamb. We finished well with it to the front. 10:00. More people, 500 more, they had filled the place. My topic was "The reasons for defeat among God's Israel to-day," illustrated by Achan. There was a good deal of heart-rending, and 19 came out.

Evening. We were full to the ceiling, and it seemed as though we were, looked at from the stage. Many were shut out, some of whom had travelled long distances, and one man was not able to get on who had come for that purpose 250 miles.

That was one of the most solemn nights of my life. In the "Great White Throne," was the theme. In my spirit I stood before it myself, and I think many, if not the whole of my hearers were in a similar position. The after meeting was extraordinarily solemn. While every voice was hushed, and every heart was full of awe and wonder, and the young man volunteered right away from the back of the pit, and came boldly forward. He was followed at intervals by 30 more.

Tuesday, March 1st.

The advance of the Army was the subject. A number of prominent citizens came with me on the platform, the Hon. Horace Davis, a city gentleman, eminent in the business and philanthropic world, presiding. The Commander and comrades who have accompanied me so far on this campaign, say it was the most effective campaign yet; indeed, they assert that I have never had so good a response. I believe that God was there. The expressing of loyalty, love, and devotion on the part of officers, soldiers and friends with which I closed, was coupled with an enthusiastic invitation to come back again as soon as possible—very affecting, and touched my heart deeply, voiced as it was by my precious daughter, the Consul, and endorsed by the crowd in every part of the building.

Wednesday, March 2nd.

10:30. Officers' meeting. 3:00. Officers' meeting. 6:00. Officers and soldiers. There were 700 present—a few ex-soldiers amongst the rest. In front of me there was one of the most interesting groups of Salvationists I ever talked to, namely, some dozen Chinese soldiers. We have in San Francisco a Chinese corps numbering 40 soldiers and 16 recruits. They were formerly amongst the blood-suckers in the city—murderers, thieves, opium smokers, morphine eaters, and the like. Properly saved through grace, they are kept faithful by the power of God. The corps maintains its officers and pays all working expenses. What a promise for our future operations in China. I tried to speak as for eternity. Many soldiers sought a clean heart, and not a few officers—some of them were ex-officers—came back to God. The meeting was finished up somewhere about 11 o'clock in a whirlwind of thanksgiving and delight. Front at the Mercy Seat, 74.

Thursday, March 3rd.

10:30. Officers. Closing meeting of the San Francisco campaign. I have held many gatherings of officers in different parts of the world, but I never felt so anxious to learn, willingness to be loyal and loving fealty to the General, and all that the General represents, I have never found the California officers' gathering surpassed. I think our meetings were useful. I am sure of it. I have seen and partaken of after many days. I am sure that they captured me. If I words, and looks, and songs, and pledges are to be relied

upon, are as it was said with a burst of enthusiasm at the close of the gathering, one for me and evermore. God bless the Californian officers of the ever-lasting Salvation Army!

Friday, March 3rd.

While packing up for our departure a little paper was brought in which interested me not a little. It appears that the "little" city of San Francisco is an immense prison containing "ordinarily" some 1,200 inmates. In this prison we have had for some time a corps composed of the prisoners themselves, who had been saved within the walls, the Serg.-major being a life-service man. During the recent troubles, the controversy was carried right inside the jail, these fellows stood firm by the Blood-and-Fire Flag, and when they heard of my proposed tour, they desired greatly that I should visit them. I wished to do so myself. But it was found impossible. And so here they send me the following modest, neatly, and yet cleverly written and illuminated by this life-service Serg.-Major himself:—

GREETING:

To General William Booth.

Dear General,

We, the undersigned, herewith tender to you our love and good wishes.

As Providence does not permit us to be personally with you in your campaign, nevertheless we shall be with you in spirit and prayer. We desire that you should have you and prolong your life for many more years to come, are our earnest and sincere wishes.

The Members of the San Quentin Salvation Army Corps.

Adolph Braun, 15, 37.

Night, 8 o'clock. Left San Francisco in a rush. John W. reported to have said that he was always in haste, but never in a hurry. That is, I think, characteristic of this campaign, if not of all my doing. The time did not only every hour, but every minute seems to be passing in its accompanying duty. There is not a moment to waste. I think that I have seldom labored in a city with so great satisfaction, and I am sure that I have never left with much greater reluctance. The first welcome by the Mayor of Oakland, and the last sympathetic word addressed to me in the shaking hands with the Bishop of California, and the strangers, and comrades have combined to excite my respect for the Army and their good wishes for its success. My dear people said "farewell" in a long continued strain of hallelujahs, the waving of handkerchiefs, and crashing of musical instruments, and then we were away from them, perhaps for ever, as far as this life is concerned, but we are bound to come together again in the next. It must be so. But so for our 36-hour railway ride.

Friday, March 4th.

Still thundering along, through lovely valleys. Now ascending, and then descending the mountains, then passing by rude and rugged rocks, and now through some of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery on the earth.

5 p.m. Ashland is announced—a small township on the side of the mountain, with half an hour for refreshments. A few soldiers and a large crowd has assembled, consisting, I suppose, of the major portion of the adult population of the charming place. Talked to them for twenty minutes, pushing them up to seek of their fellows, and the glory of God of their fellows.

I heard afterwards that the Sergeant-major of Ashland corps, who acted before me in heard in Missoula on my first visit to the States twelve years ago, got converted a fortnight afterwards, and good service in full uniform, doing good service to the Army to-day.

On board the train with us is a soldier converted at, and for a time belonging to the Claret Congress Hall, but now resident in the States. He travelled miles to attend the San Francisco meetings, and he is now going 700 or 800 miles with us to Portland. There was no question about his interest in the Army or in the General. I hope he will get a blessing that will send him fighting for God all the rest of his journey through life.

5 p.m. Another way-side meeting. It was only three minutes ago, but the conductor held the train for me to speak. The train was packed with people, and a bank opposite. There was a great shouting and cheering, and a cheering from the crowd before I made my appearance, and then all was hushed into perfect silence. I had a word with them about their souls.

Saturday, March 4th.

A long night, but not a very restful one. The morning and camping of the car was something wonderful. The car got dressed in the morning before Colonel Lawley came in brandishing a telegram

just received from San Francisco, describing the night of the storm after we left. "All hail! full, twenty souls!" Hal- leluah! That pleased me immensely. 9:30 a.m. Portland. A large crowd came from officers and soldiers, and a good many strangers. Said a word or two, and then drove off to my billet at Dr. Hill's house. Dr. Hill is a leading Presbyterian minister.

10:30 a.m. Officers' meeting. Had a good, straight talk with 70 officers of an good, loyal, and devoted spirit as are to be found within the four corners of the Army.

Night. Soldiers' meeting. A lively, waking-up, and sanctifying time.

## Diamond Dust

IF YOU SIN AGAINST GOD'S LAWS, YOU WILL SOON EXPERIENCE GOD'S LAWS AGAINST SIN.

\*\*\*

THE KINGDOM OF GOD WILL COME WHEN CHRISTIAN NATIONS BECOME NATIONS OF CHRISTIANS.

\*\*\*

THE BEST CHRISTIANS THE WORLD HAS EVER HAD ARE THOSE WHO HAVE COMMENCED WITH THEMSELVES.

\*\*\*

SEEK THE HOLY SPIRIT IN THE MORNING, AND YOU WILL NOT NEED ANOTHER SORT OF SPIRIT IN THE EVENING.

\*\*\*

LATE AT THE BILLIARD-TABLE ON SATURDAY NIGHT IS NOT A HELPFUL PREPARATION FOR THE LORD'S TABLE ON SUNDAY MORNING.

\*\*\*

SHOW A SINNERS THAT YOU ARE CONCERNED ABOUT HIM, AND THEN HE WILL GET CONCERNED ABOUT HIMSELF.

\*\*\*

WHEN THE WEEK-NIGHT PRAYER MEETING IS ALL RIGHT, THE SUNDAY SERVICES WILL NOT BE ALL WRONG.

\*\*\*

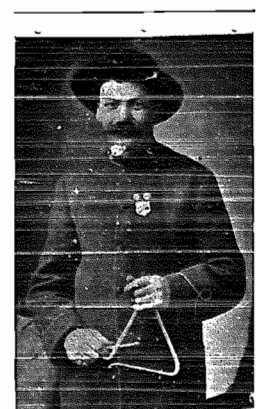
IT IS A FEARFUL THING TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF A LIVING GOD, BUT IT IS A BLESSED THING TO PUT YOURSELF THERE.

\*\*\*

EVERY MAN SHOULD BE SAINTLY, AND EVERY SAINT SHOULD BE MANLY.

\*\*\*

THE NOBLEST PASSION IS COMPASSION.



DAN SUTEREILAND, CALGARY.

Our comrade is a well-known character in and about the vicinity of Calgary. He has achieved considerable notoriety by reason of the number of times he came to the point of form before "getting right." His attempts numbered over one hundred previous to the last. Some twelve months have passed since Dan has been soundly converted to God. The last time he was seen, he had in his hand a card earned for him the name of "Triangle Dan."

# THE TERRITORIAL FINALE

— TO —

## THE GENERAL'S R.

The West Sustains its Reputation for Stupendous Achievement.

A LOCAL OFFICER'S VALOROUS EXPLOIT AT GRAND FORKS-WINNIPEG WINDS UP WITH A NOR'-WESTER OF ENTHUSIASM.



IMAGINE yourself on the water, on board an Atlantic liner, ploughing the sea at the rate of miles an hour, but instead of the dark green ocean all around, a complete, plain-like covering of white, and you have at once the picture—substituting the train for the steamer—of the North-Western prairie in snow. It is a desert of whiteness, occasionally relieved by a wayside log hut, a drove of cattle, or a lone like that of a man's hand, as seen from the car, or a lonely belated sledge-driver making for some out-of-sight farm. It is a region of cold, where neither blanket nor fur offer the necessary resisting power.

### We Tumbled Right into a Blizzard

In this lonely track 300 miles West of Grand Forks. Our train was delayed ten hours in consequence and we thus missed the Minneapolis mail train going North to Winnipeg, at the aforesaid place where we had to remain over night.

I have described a blizzard before. This one was somewhat different, however, for it kept us locked in the embraces of a snowed-up pass. Fortunately no other accident otherwise marred the journey, excepting that one of the brakemen, peepooping the warning of the brakeman, essayed to examine the snow-plough, got buried for two minutes in a snow drift. These snow drifts resemble sin—very alluring, inviting, and

### Apparently Free from Danger Until You Walk into Them

and then—down you go. The Secretary will remember that snow drift.

After the snow drift, a freight train was reported in a fix. We had to reverse our engine, and the engine had to sail West by itself to bring up another plough and a relieving party—involving a delay of another three hours. They are brave, hardy boys, these prairie crew—faced like flint, hands like iron, and physiques like granite walls. Talking with one, he said that he had not been inside a church for seven years.

But we got to Grand Forks. An interesting little city of Grand Forks. Population 13,000, located on the North side of the Red River, practically only ten years old.

### A Lesson to D. O.'s and F. O.'s

At 10:00 a.m. we got a wire on the car, signed by Dr. J. R. Church, to the following effect:

"General Booth. You cannot get to Winnipeg to-night. May I arrange meeting here."

At 11:30 we replied:

"Dr. Church—Have not yet abandoned hope of catching a train for Winnipeg. If impossible, however, will gladly do a meeting. Rush all necessary arrangements—General."

We heard the slightest idea when we despatched that message who Dr. Church was. We only knew that there was a netter F. O. D. O., nor "Winnipeg."

The train reached Grand Forks at 4 p.m. There was a crowd, but only one man in that attracted notice. He was powerfully-built, looking 60, though actually over 60. A bronzed, hard brand face till he spoke or smiled and then his eyes and mouth made the face a vivid picture of energy, ecstasy, ability, tact. He was Dr. Church. He was the Trans-Canada agent.

Listen to him: "Welcome to Grand Forks, General. Delighted. Sorry for Winnipeg, but the Lord is in it. It's all right. Here, John, take the General to the hack. Bill, throw the valises into the rig. Harry, take the Secretaries to the quarters—the General and Commissioner go to my house. That's right. I guess we're about straight for to-night. I've got the biggest church in the place for the meeting. You will have to speak on the Army, General. Rev. Gifford will be chairman. Do the people know?



COMMISSIONER NICOL AND COLONEL LAWLEY MAKE HERRY OVER THE UNPARALLELED VICTORIES OF THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN IN OUR TERRITORY.

Everybody knows. I got it into the evening papers. The boys have been round the city with doggers. I got it announced in all the schools—children are the cheapest and best advertisers in the world. Don't fear. We have no charges. We will pack the building."

"Who is Dr. Church?" asked the General, smiling with delight at his local officer, who in that hour in difficulty jumped as successfully into the breach.

The General is soon provided with an answer—Church is a Veterinary Surgeon, was born among the Thousand Islands, Canada, his mother was Scotch, father English, father was a Vet. and brought up his boy to the same profession. The boy at 16 was almost converted, but refused to obey God in all things and dropped religion, came West, succeeded in business, married, made money, drank whiskey for ten years consumed a dollar in whiskey and a dollar in cigars daily, fought, raced, gambled. Three years ago he entered the Army barracks, Captain said something which reminded him of his mother, was

convicted of sin, same night God delivered him, three weeks after threw his cigars away, been Salvationist ever since. Best known man in and around Grand Forks, model treasurer, a lesson in this particular crisis to any doubting Thomas of a D. O., or F. O. that the local officer idea requires checking. Give them fair play inside regulation and they will set the prairie on fire.

### A Sumptuous Meal

The Doctor overdid it, but the overflowing generosity of his heart led him astray. We forgave him—only he must not do it again. The spread was bewildering. The Secretaries, who are in danger of treating chicken, in all shapes and sizes, as a necessity of existence were amazed. For supper I observed: Oyster soup, cold meat, cold ham, vegetables and 10 oranges, apples, bananas, tea, coffee, cream, etc., etc. But all alike were moderate. In fact, we belong to the "moderate party."

The Grand Forks corps is in a credit-

able condition and affords a fine illustration of the successful working of one of the principles which has given the United States such a unique and commanding position in the nations of the world. I call it the doctrine of assimilation. If the body assimilates food well, and is not overloaded, it becomes healthy and vigorous. In North Dakota you have the assimilation, under one flag, of a variety of races—Swedes, Norwegians, Germans and Russians—with the result that you have growing up here evidently a fine race. I was told that

### The Son of a Bohemian

took my baggage to the bogey, a Norwegian, drove the General to his hotel, a Swede took charge of the Secretaries, an Englishman led one of the party to a haidresser, and a Scotchman—the illustration would not be perfect without looking after "the lawbees." And, just as under the American Constitution representatives of all nations are welcome to share its privileges, laws, and protection, so under our Salvation umbrella all peoples are learning to love each other and live for each other in the spirit of the Son of Man.

Grand Forks is an International corner, has the International spirit, and is yet true to itself and true to the State and country under which it fights.

### An Obliging Chairman

The Rev. Gifford, Pastor of the M. E. Church, kindly placed at the General's disposal, was the General's chairman. He was the cream of kindness, and said, "Here is the church, do with it what you like, make yourself at home. Have you all billets? If not, go to the hotel at my expense. General Booth is, I reckon, the world's proudest. He deserves to have the best that Grand Forks can place at his disposal."

Though he had two marriage ceremonies to perform between 7:30 and 8 p.m., the rev. gentleman was at the church "on time," and placed in the War Cry Correspondent's hands a few figures in support of his (the Rev. Gifford's) contention that prohibition was a benefit to the State, North Dakota, it seems. Under the prohibition field, he argues that although Ohio is considered one of the richest States in the Union, North Dakota, under prohibition, was proportionately, a much better state of prosperity—a prosperity attributable to prohibition. The contrast is certainly suggestive. Here are the figures which Mr. Gifford gave us: Ohio—Total value of wheat, corn and oats per family, \$78. North Dakota—Do. do. \$160. Ohio—Total value of horses, cows, sheep, pigs and hogs per family, \$102. North Dakota—Do. do. \$225. Ohio—Total amount of beer consumed per family per annum, 10 barrels. North Dakota—Do. do. one-seventh of a barrel. In Ohio they have one school teacher for every 25 families. In North Dakota there is one for every 10 families. Moral: No drink spells prosperity. There is a lot in it.

### A Fine Meeting

The church was crowded to the door. Splendid audience. Preliminaries were complete. The General A. I. He had a great time. People delighted with his happy, humorous, trenchant style. One man describing to the General the way he was feeling, said, "Oh, he is quite different to what I expected. The General compels you to stop. I can't have him here till new year. He hasn't to hunt for an hour for a word. The finish was rich in feeling and Divine power. The General having completely won me, his confidence and interest of the crowd, charged their hearts, and God spoke forcefully through him.

Naturally the Field Commissioner was in a state of semi-ecstasy all the time. Her heart was yearning to comfort her disappointed officers and soldiers at Winnipeg—still Grand Forks was a consolation.

Next a.m. the General left on time for Winnipeg. The day was delightful.

KLODYKE SUNDAY

THE NEED IS URGENT. WILL YOU HELP? APRIL 17TH.

**A REGULAR NOR'-WESTER OF EN-  
THUSIASM.**

to Christ at the Temple, Toronto, and has often testified there for Jesus. The etching is made from a drawing by Bro.



PARS. FROM THE EDITORIAL PEN.

"Auntie Wright's" 400,000 Readers.

## MISS BOOTH RETURNS TO THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

## Rapid Survey of Her Tour.

**O**UR blessed leader, the Field Commissioner, returned from her Western campaign on Saturday morning.

Members of the Headquarters Staff, from as early as 7 a.m., were at the Union Depot at such intervals as it was understood the train conveying the Commissioner would arrive, but most of them were too soon or too late, so that only a fortunate few were present to give Miss Booth the hearty and affectionate greeting which always awaits her return to her Headquarters' people.

Siege campaigning in the West, and the exposure incidental thereto, had played havoc with the Field Commissioner's

Officials all through the journey, and especially of the C. P. R. at Winnipeg; she even mentioned particularly the Fort at Winnipeg.

The General and party, we were glad to learn, left the Territory gratified at the advance apparent since the previous visit, and there is no doubt that the soldiers and officers under the Field Commissioner's command are higher than ever in the estimation of their great leader, and very near his heart.

No part of the Field Commissioner's talk was more thrilling and exciting than that which might be labelled "Klondyke." On this subject our leader was stirred to the deepest depths of her great soul.

moral atmosphere is thick and attentive to a degree that can scarcely be realized by ordinary people. The call for the Salvation Army and any other preachers of righteousness who will go in, on this account, urgent to the supremest degree. Said one young fellow who had been and returned, and who was at one time a Salvationist, "Miss Booth was good once, before I went up there. I couldn't tell you, Miss, what goes on. In fact, I never really knew what wickedness was till I went to Dawson. It is just description. Do send some men up there if you can. People die there and there is no one to pray for before they go, and the 'Blind' track takes them down to no time." Time and time again there was poured into Miss Booth's ears the story of the sin which existed and the misery there is for people who will seek the temporal and eternal welfare of the gold-seekers, so that her heart became charged with a perfect passion to do something for them, and she could scarce refrain from going right on when at Vancouver. However, the outcome was the rapid telegraphic dispatch of the expedition and the determination to send out the Expedition which that appeal aroused.

J. C.

## Love in Little Things.

(See Frontispiece.)

**W**HETHER small Susie was naturally kind we do not know. Some people actually are so. They do not hold the hostile relationship towards their brother man that the majority maintain. Such have found it to be the wisest way to cultivate sympathy and manifest good-will. They have not found that to be civil is to lose, nor that the politeness of kindness makes others take advantage of them. It has usually been the reverse.

There is, after all, a terrible dearth of genuine kindness in the world. Considering the number of people who profess to feel and follow the tenderest Heart the world has ever known.

## Kind People are Astonishingly Rare.

Kind words are not so few. The would-be social reformer sprinkles them through his platform presentations, the insincere sympathizer deals them out in empty cordiality; but kindness is dead, and practical helpfulness is disproportionately small.

This is Junior Week, and our frontispiece is essentially a children's picture. Whether there is the same degree of thoughtful tenderness in the heart of the average child as displayed in little Susie with her birdlings is a very open question. A child usually considered to possess a tender heart than one of older growth, but it is sad to notice how many little ones appear to be insensitive, cruel instead of compassionate, and to carry within the span of their lady influence, misery rather than mercy.

Since

## Love is Always Kindness.

The Band of Love might be looked upon as a great kindness brigade. What it has already done in this direction cannot be estimated. It has taught hundreds of small feelings and fingers to do just what Susie's are doing, to comprehend and care for helplessness and suffering. This will not be the first time that a little child has led the way and taught the wisdom of the world lessons in gentler things.

The magnitude of influence which hangs upon the tender teaching of a child can only be recognized by those who remember that the little hand which feeds a featherless birdling will not clutch against dirt war in days to come, but manifest the spirit of brotherly, sisterly consideration which in God's sight ranks next to the love of Heaven.

COMING SOON!

In and about with London's League of Mercy. Incidents of the late Patry Catastrophe, with photos of members.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Phillips, a character sketch, with photo.

Scenes sketched from the War Experience of Adjutant Coopers, of London, with photo.

## New Industrial Home.

A company with Mrs. Read, Major Stewart, and Major Mrs. Smetton, I recently paid a visit of inspection to the new Industrial Home for Women, at Yorkville, Toronto, and can affirm unhesitatingly that it is the best laid out home for Rescue work I have ever seen, and reflects great credit on those who designed such a commodious and convenient place. We will produce a good illustration of the Home at the time Miss Booth formally opens it.

✱ ✱ ✱

## For Corps' Correspondents.

1. Write with ink on one side of paper.
2. Take plenty of paper—leave an inch or an inch and a half border all round the matter.
3. Give the facts.
4. Make sure they are facts.
5. Include on each corps report the number of War Cry received at the corps.
6. Also include the names of the officers in charge.
7. Give the full name and address of the writer.

✱ ✱ ✱

## The American Field.

**C**OLONEL HOLLAND, our late Chief Secretary, is doing valiant service under the Consul and Commander, and thus refers to the United States in a recent letter:—"This is a mighty country for the Salvation Army. I very much question if there is such another in the world. We have three very great advantages—the English language, free institutions, and a big population. You will be glad to know we are taking advantage of our opportunities and that the Army work is steadily but surely advancing in every respect."

✱ ✱ ✱

## Our Latest and Most Popular Song.

**A** PROPHECY a good deal of popularity for Prof. Hawley's new song, "From the General down to me." It appeared in the New York Cry on the 12th, and will, I expect, reappear in our Pacific Coast contemporary at no distant date. I have sent a copy to Major Ethrington, the Australian Editor-in-Chief, and another to Brigadier Brunell, of Melbourne, who will set the song humming it anybody with Prof. Hawley, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., will do well to favor us with some more of his stirring compositions. In the meantime those who want copies of "From the General down to me" as it appeared in this War Cry a few weeks ago, can obtain the same for 10c, each on application to the Trade Secretary.

✱ ✱ ✱

## Salvation Army Barracks vs. Nurseries.

**A** PROMINENT Staff Officer thus strongly, although very truly, delivers himself with respect to a frequent source of disturbance in the Salvation Army: "It is scarcely to be wondered at that crowds are so uncertain—if not an unknown—quantity in some of our corps, when it is considered that an extent to be spelled in the fact by lack of governing the children. What with running about, flitting on their seats, making a noise with papers, etc., several Sunday school meetings have recently been half ruined by the means. What on earth is the effort of exerting oneself if the effort is going to be spoiled in the end. It scarcely extols the commanding ability of the officer. In many cases the kindest thing would be to get the parents to put the children to bed early. In any case the parents must be there to take care of them. When the children are in from the Junior Soldiers' meeting the Junior Soldier officer should be responsible for putting the children together and sitting with them so as to control them. When people come to a place of worship they do not count on going to a nursery, and it is about time that any S. A. barracks had at least a small room to be incapable of being regarded as such."

## THE AUDITORIUM, SPOKANE.

Where the General's Recent Meetings were Held.

voices, and she could only speak in a hoarse whisper, but her mind and heart seemed fuller of intense thought and burning enthusiasm than ever, and when, a short time after her arrival, a council of war was held, the individuals present found themselves electrified with the story of the tour, as told by the Commissioner herself. Under the graphic and dramatic presentation of the campaign from our leader's lips, they saw the stirring events of the previous five weeks as in a kaleidoscope, and were moved to tears, or excited to laughter, awestruck or uttering "Hallelujah!" according to the mood of the speaker as she lived over again the scenes of the war.

As we listened to the story of stirred cities, jammed halls, melted audiences, mayors, ministers, functionaries and dignitaries all coming up to the Army "Go." Miss Booth dragging herself from her bed to the platform, sinners crying for her mercy, enrolments and allegiances, late trains, ice-cold waiting-rooms, and drives in an atmosphere below zero, we felt the "half had not been told" in our columns hitherto.

Miss Booth especially wished the writer to mention the goodness of the Railway

She found on her way out that not only hundreds, but thousands and tens of thousands were en route for Klondyke, nay, it seemed in some parts as if the whole population in the mass was going. The Klondyke delirium possessed them. Young lads who had been to Klondyke swagger around and tell how they made their fortunes. Sitting beside you on the car you will find a man who would not sell his claim for a million dollars, although he has already got a fortune out of it. One young gentleman told Miss Booth of having gone up there during the summer months. With his own eyes he saw his companion get down into the creek, strike off his claim, and literally kick up the nuggets till he filled his pockets with them. This, and any number of other stories have been passed into the Commissioner's ears from all sorts of people—people who have been and made their pile and are going home. Unhappily this is only one side of the situation. God put the gold in the Klondyke, and put it there for men, but like every other gift of the great and good God, many of those who go abuse his kindness, turn His goodness into occasion for sin, and if reports be true, the

## OFFICIAL NOTICE.

KLONDYKE  
SUNDAY.NOTICE TO ALL PROVINCIAL, DISTRICT  
AND FIELD OFFICERS.

**I**n view of the urgent need for finances to fit out the Klondyke Expedition, the Field Commissioner has decided to set apart APRIL 17th as

## KLONDYKE SUNDAY,

in which this need will be brought before our congregations and the public generally throughout the Territory, and special collections taken on behalf of the Expedition.

(Signed)

J. E. MARGETTS,

Territorial Secretary.

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS.

ENSIGN PATTERSON, of Vancouver Shelter, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN BARR, New Whatecom District, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN MILNER, of Nelson, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN WOODRUFF, of Butte, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN WALTON, of Spokane, to be Adjutant.

CAPTAIN WOOLAM, of Spokane Rescue Home, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN STAIGERS, of Spokane Shelter, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN STANBURY, of Billings, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN MAY, of Minnesota, to be Ensign.

LIEUTENANT PRENTICE, of Pacific Province, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT HAAS, of Wallace, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT MILLER, of Mt. Vernon, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT BARRAGER, of Grand Forks, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT SHERIN, of Hamilton II, to be Captain.

## APPOINTMENTS.

ENSIGN WOOLAM, of Spokane Rescue Home, to be Ensign.

ENSIGN STAIGERS, of Spokane Shelter, to be Ensign.

## MARRIAGE.

CAPTAIN JAMES CROMARTY, who came out from New Westminster, B. C., and last stationed at Winnipeg Shelter, to CAPTAIN E. GIBBS, who came out from St. Catharines, Ont., at Winnipeg, on March 10th, 1883.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.

will visit Roseland, B. C., Saturday and Sunday, April 10, 11th; Nelson, April 18th, 19th; Kamlo, April 20th, 21st; Revelstoke, April 22nd, 23rd.

will visit Victoria, B. C., April 9, 10, 11; Nanaimo, April 12, 13; New Westminster, April 14, 15; Vancouver, April 16, 17; New Whatecom, April 18; Mt. Vernon, April 19; Spokane, April 21.

C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY,--Sydney, April 10, 11; Glace Bay, April 12; Sydney Mines, April

12; North Sydney, April 14; New Glasgow, April 15; Pictou, April 16, 17; Clinton, April 18; Summerside, April 19; Charlottetown, April 20; Peggwash, April 21; Oxford, April 22; Parrsboro, April 23; Spring Hill, April 24; Amherst, April 25; Sackville, April 27; Moncton, April 28; Newcastle, April 29.

CAPTAIN COLLIER,--Essex, April 9; Windsor, April 11; South Woodale, April 12; Comber, April 13; Staples, April 14; Tilbury, April 15; Chatham, April 16; Thamesville, April 18; Bothwell, April 19; Newbury, April 20; Florence, April 21; Dresden, April 22; Wallaceburg, April 23; Port Lambton, April 25; Courtwright, April 26; Sarnia, April 27; Petrolia, April 28; Glenora, April 29.

CAPTAIN CUMMINS,--Brooklyn, April 5; Port Perry, April 6; Lindsay, April 9, 10, 11; Uxbridge, April 12, 13.

ENSIGN SIMS,--Pearceon, April 7, 8; St. Albans, April 9, 10, 11; Burlington, April 12, 13; Barre, April 14, 15; St. Johnsbury, April 16, 17; Newport, April 18; Sherbrooke, April 21, 22; Coaticook, April 23, 24; Chesterville, April 25; Kemptonville, April 27; Ottawa, April 28, 29.

ADJUTANT HAY,--Kaslo, April 5; Nelson, April 6; Roseland, April 7, 8; Spokane, April 9-13; Lewiston, April 16, 17; Moscow, April 18.

## WAR CRY

## How to Hinder the Siege.

By THE EDITOR.

**B** I too busy to pray.  
Try to do all the work yourself.

Tire the people with TOO long speaking.

Do not visit last night's convert today.

Permit the meetings to become disorderly.

Have long and late meetings ALL the time.

Permit mere chatter in the prayer meeting.

Eat heavy suppers just before retiring, for the night.

Allow levity in yourself and others--especially on the platform.

Stay in bed long after the neighbors are up and busy earning their daily bread.

Keep people who have come to the meeting waiting for the barracks door to be opened.

Fail to apportion to each man his responsibility for doing some particular thing in the Siege.

Leave the announcement of the next open-air meeting until half the soldiers have left the barracks.

At the most solemn part of the meeting allow little children to run about or cry, so as to distract the attention of the audience.

Break faith with the public by announcing your meeting to commence at a certain time, and then commence ten minutes after that time.

Have the congregation in a bunch at either end of the barracks, so as to leave the centre of the hall with only an odd person here and there.

Keep the barracks tightly closed between meetings, so that the air exhaled and respired from one congregation is kept for the next congregation to breathe over again.

BOMBARD THE CITADEL OF MEN'S CONSCIENCES WITH GOD'S TRUTH.

BOMBARD THE THRONE OF GOD WITH YOUR PRAYERS AND FAITH.

## WHAT ABOUT

## An Appeal to

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER



WITH excited brain, burning heart and eager fervency of each being to no small degree intense an uncontrollable agitation and haste, I find within half an hour of my return home, at my office Already the Klondyke maps, with their clearly-marked gold veins are stretched on my right, the Disposition of Forces spread upon my left, and betwixt the two, seeming to form an "X" "pass" crossing all distance and difficulty, there lies a sheet of paper bearing the names of Officers who have volunteered to plant the Flag in Dawson City.

The ringing shouts from a hundred throats of the trains hailing the passing of the cars of my late journey heaped-up packages, all carrying gold-seekers' outfits, so the depots that one could easily imagine themselves on their endeavors to pick their way round and through them.

## THE DISCORDANT MEDLEY,

composed of somewhat pathetic whining, savage growl, frantic barking of a hundred dogs, caged and labelled "Klondyke Cities painted, not alone "in red," but every other color help to declare, in flaming placard and poster, the topic of The parading of yoked-oxen, which at the swing of the remarkable perception, turn in prompt obedience to carry bidding of their masters, without further direction from my word. But above all the mighty moving mass of mixed but not only that which my eyes have seen, but my mind has perceived a concourse contributed to by so many nations, numbering of thousands, embracing every class of society, every calling position, and I think I might say almost every kind of sin.

## SOME OLD, SOME YOUNG, SOME RECKLESS

some who have jumped at the possibility of fortune to be gladness long lost in sorrow, and thousands having per everything to stake their very life upon what is after all but

The tumult of these sounds--the cry of these people treated the solemnity of my most sacred moments, being in the seasons of my quiet and solemn thought, and have fervency of violence to my prayers. What I have myself enormity of the need has made such indelible impress upon and mind of the magnitude of the opportunity for God and that the restlessness of my spirit to stake Salvation's known no abating even in sleep, for then am I either path across the trails, getting through Five-Finger Rapids little band of faithful officers, or else helping to fix up the the Flag and strike the song for the salvation of the Dawson City.

I think it was the tears in that rough man's eyes--and just returned from the gold-diggings--that first intensified ception of the need. Perhaps something about the huskiness of his voice, a mingling of pathos and bitterness tones, as he told me:--"No one could have had a better than mine. I was real good before I went, but, say, you, an angel couldn't keep good in Dawson City!"

## Coming Events

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

## BRIGADIER ROWELL

will visit Roseland, B. C., Saturday and Sunday, April 10, 11th; Nelson, April 18th, 19th; Kamlo, April 20th, 21st; Revelstoke, April 22nd, 23rd.

## STAFF-CAPTAIN TURNER

will visit Victoria, B. C., April 9, 10, 11; Nanaimo, April 12, 13; New Westminster, April 14, 15; Vancouver, April 16, 17; New Whatecom, April 18; Mt. Vernon, April 19; Spokane, April 21.

## C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY,--Sydney, April 10, 11; Glace Bay, April 12; Sydney Mines, April

# WHAT ABOUT THE KLONDIKE ?

## An Appeal to Christian World.

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, MISS BOOTH.



WITH excited brain, burning heart and eager hands, I watched him down the street, and long after his brown jacket fervency of each being to no small degree intense, was out of sight, was looking still, through his story, into the heart of an uncontrollable agitation. and haste, I find that city whose sin is already so rampant that even a sinner acknowledged that it took more than angel's strength to keep and guard within half an hour of my return home, at my office. I saw the Klondike maps, with their clearly-marked gold fields, and the Disposition of Forces spread before me. Already the Klondike maps, with their clearly-marked gold fields, and the Disposition of Forces spread before me. are stretched on my right, the Disposition of Forces spread before me. upon my left, and betwixt the two, seeming to form an archway of conquering grace, the flood of Jesus' Blood, will cleanse, redeem, sheet of paper bearing the names of Officers who have volunteered to plant the Blood-red banner has been lifted.

The ringing shouts from a hundred throats of the over-heaped-up packages, all carrying gold-seekers' outfits, so many of the depots that one could easily imagine themselves on the trail, their endeavors to pick their way round and through them.

### THE DISCORDANT MEDLEY,

composed of somewhat pathetic whining, savage growling, frantic barking of a hundred dogs, caged and labelled "Klondike Cities painted, not alone "in red," but every other color of the rainbow. The parading of yoked-oxen, which at the swing of the bell, remarkable perception, turn in prompt obedience to carry out the bidding of their masters, without further direction from their word. But above all the mighty moving mass of mixed humanity, not only that which my eyes have seen, but my mind has perceived, a concourse contributed to by so many nations, numbering in the millions of thousands, embracing every class of society, every calling, every position, and I think I might say almost every kind of sinners.

### SOME OLD, SOME YOUNG, SOME RECKLESS,

some who have jumped at the possibility of fortune to be gained, gladness long lost in sorrow, and thousands having passed everything to stake their very life upon what is after all but a dream.

The tumult of these sounds—the cry of these people has penetrated the solemnity of my most sacred moments, being in the seasons of my quiet and solemn thought, and have stirred the fervency of violence to my prayers. What I have myself seen, and the enormity of the need has made such indelible impress upon my mind and of the magnitude of the opportunity for God and man, that the restlessness of my spirit to stake Salvation's chance upon a known no abating even in sleep, for then am I either pressing my path across the trails, getting through Five-Finger Rapids, or the little band of faithful officers, or else helping to fix up the trail, the Flag and strike the song for the salvation of the people in Dawson City.

I think it was the tears in that rough man's eyes—no, just returned from the gold-diggings—that first intensified my perception of the need. Perhaps something about the hoarse huskiness of his voice, a mingling of pathos and bitterness, tones, as he told me:—"No one could have had a better chance than mine. I was real good before I went, but, aye, Miss Booth, you, an angel couldn't keep good in Dawson City!"

But the Klondike maps, Disposition of Forces, and the numerous price lists of outfits spread upon my desk, tell me I am wandering—yet I think scarcely so. For giving but a bird's-eye view of this flung open door of vast and exceptional opportunity will agitate the pulse of Christian sympathy for the souls of men—sympathy which must dwell in the breast of every man whose feet tread the road leading to the Eternal City of God—a sympathy which will cry—let some hand of help be held out to the sick and dying which this rush of thousands so unprepared for, cannot help but mean. Let something be done for those who in the thirst for earthly possessions,

### FORGETTING GOD AND GOODNESS,

will be caught in the whirlpool of hell's ever-ready devices to ensnare and damn the soul. Let some heart care for the many sad and disappointed young and unprotected which are to be found, passed over by fortune, whose hand so bountifully distributes to others. Let some heroes of God's own choosing, throwing afresh their lives at His feet, sacrificing all they hold dear to His service, asking no more than His smile for their hire, will start over the trails with souls touched by a Calvary's passion to win the people for Jesus—

### AND SOME WILL.

Such men are ready to jump into the breach for the salvation of the crowds which will throng the Alaskan gold fields, but as their commissioner, I am responsible for seeing them well armed with all necessary equipments for the battle. I cannot help but ask the friends of God and our world-wide Blood-and-Fire Flag to donate generously towards the expense of the outfit of the expedition, the first half of which will be composed of six men; the remainder of the contingent being women, will follow in June, when better transportation facilities will be at our command.

Whether the whole story of the full struggle which the conflict will entail will ever be told or not, the shout of triumph of battles won will vibrate through the world. In it I shall want you to join, hence I would persuade you to assist in the preparations of the ammunition, and when in the City whose streets are paved with gold, sinners redeemed will thank you as well as me.



Donations of Money, or Articles of Food or Clothing for the above Expedition, may be forwarded direct to MISS BOOTH, The Temple, Herbert Street, Toronto.

# THE KLONDIKE ?

## Christian World.

IONER, MISS BOOTH.

I watched him down the street, and long after his brown jacket was out of sight, was looking still, through his story, into the heart of that city whose sin is already so rampant that even a sinner acknowledged that it took more than angel's strength to keep and guard it amidst evils so brazen, and temptations so subtle and strong.

But God's strength has accomplished what many a time angels have failed to do, and in Dawson City the love of Calvary, the story of conquering grace, the flood of Jesus' Blood, will cleanse, redeem, triumph and win, as in the thousands of cities of sorrow and sin, where the Blood-red banner has been lifted.

But the Klondike maps, Disposition of Forces, and the numerous price lists of outfits spread upon my desk, tell me I am wandering—yet I think scarcely so. For giving but a bird's-eye view of this flung open door of vast and exceptional opportunity will agitate the pulse of Christian sympathy for the souls of men—sympathy which must dwell in the breast of every man whose feet tread the road leading to the Eternal City of God—a sympathy which will let some hand of help be held out to the sick and dying which this rush of thousands so unprepared for, cannot help but mean. Let something be done for those who in the thirst for earthly possessions,

### FORGETTING GOD AND GOODNESS,

will be caught in the whirlpool of hell's ever-ready devices to ensnare and damn the soul. Let some heart care for the many sad and disappointed young and unprotected which are to be found, passed over by fortune, whose hand so bountifully distributes to others. Let some heroes of God's own choosing, throwing afresh their lives at His feet, sacrificing all they hold dear to His service, asking no more than His smile for their hire, will start over the trails with souls touched by a Calvary's passion to win the people for Jesus—

### AND SOME WILL.

Such men are ready to jump into the breach for the salvation of the crowds which will throng the Alaskan gold fields, but as their Commissioner, I am responsible for seeing them well armed with all necessary equipments for the battle. I cannot help but ask the friends of God and our world-wide Blood-and-Fire Flag to donate generously towards the expense of the outfit of the expedition, the first half of which will be composed of six men; the remainder of the contingent being women, will follow in June, when better transportation facilities will be at our command.

Whether the whole story of the full struggle which the conflict will entail will ever be told or not, the shout of triumph of battles won will vibrate through the world. In it I shall want you to join, hence I would persuade you to assist in the preparations of the ammunition, and when in the City whose streets are paved with gold, sinners redeemed will thank you as well as me.

Donations of Money, or Articles of Food or Clothing for the above expedition, may be forwarded direct to MISS BOOTH, The Temple, Albert Street, Toronto.

## Later Happenings of the THE COMMISSIONER'S ELECTED TOUR.

### A Record-breaking Victory Scored at Jamestown.

OPERA HOUSE GORGED—THRILLING ADDRESSES—STIRRING SALVATION SCENES—TWENTY-SIX SEEKERS.



HIS General's meetings, so far as this Territory was concerned, had ended at Winnipeg, and again the party divided—the General advancing towards Minneapolis and the Field Commissioner turning towards Jamestown. As far as Winnipeg Junction both parties travelled together. Arriving here we found ourselves with five hours to wait for the Jamestown train. The hour was 11 p.m. and snow was driving madly about on the wings of a biting prairie blast which had been tearing unhindered along for scores of miles, and now swept its icy strength around the group of struggling Salvationists grouping their way in the white-speckled gloom over the railway track to a long low wooden building, dignified by the name of "Hotel."

Here Amid the Shadows and the Drifting Snow the Field Commissioner bade the General good-bye, and a few minutes later we were straining our gaze to catch the last flicker of the red lamp on the rear car of the train which was bearing him away to his further campaigns. We turned once more into the hotel, our thoughts following our leader, and now, over the wonderful wisdom and work of his ways amongst us, and thinking again what a powerful object-lesson is the energy and accomplishment of his declining years to the declining century.

**Sleep—or an Attempt at it—** is the next item on the programme. At 3:30 a furious knock at the door effectually roused any who were fortunate enough to succeed in the above, and by 4 a.m. we were traversing the deep snow about the tracks once more. The train slowed up in the distance, but to our disappointment came to standstill 150 yards outside the depot. At last, however, shivering, we boarded the tardy cars, and at 5:40 pulled up at Jamestown. That was a good crowd of officers, soldiers and friends which waited on the platform to meet the Commissioner, and also welcome us to the town.

Ensign and Mrs. Bailey joined the train at Valley City with their darling little six-months-old child sold in death. They were journeying to Jamestown to bury their loved one. The Commissioner spoke words of comfort to the bereaved parents. The funeral of the little one took place in the afternoon. Brigadier Gaskin, assisted by Major McMillan, conducted the funeral service. The Ensign and his dear wife were stricken with grief. There were few dry eyes as the Ensign, with broken voice, told how the loss of their baby had drawn both Mrs. Bailey and himself nearer to God and heaven. We laid the tiny coffin with its precious jewel in the prairie cemetery to rest until the "morning."

Saturday night's meeting was held in the Court House, conducted by Brigadier Gaskin and the Provincial Officer. The writer was full and the meeting crowded with a collection of over \$10. The Jamestown soldiers are thorough Salvationists and enjoy their religion.

How shall I describe the Sunday morning meeting? That Court House had never witnessed such a scene! The writer was jubilant. The Provincial Officer was delighted. The soldiers smiled and went willingly. What interested attention they gave to the Commissioner's address, which was in itself marked by strong spiritual influence and power.

God's Spirit is revealing hearts. "Let us pray," says the Commissioner, and heads are bowed. Faith is rising, fervent prayer is proving effectual. An elderly man is kneeling at the front. Soft singing rises in faith. Six are claiming the blessing now. Brigadier Gaskin takes the reins. The Commissioner's concluding words, the throbbing strains of "For you I am praying," and thirteen are forward, which number is increased by ten more, among whom are we believe, sinners of the deepest dye.

**And the Commissioner Leads Husband and Wife to the Mercy Sea.**

The joy shouts of soldiers and the clapping of hands. The meeting closed by the Commissioner praying tenderly, fervently, that each might be kept true to their pledges, and the Army colors waved over the heads of the praying host of soldiers who had gathered at the front around the Commissioner.

The afternoon and night engagements were held in the magnificent Opera House. In the afternoon the ministers of the city occupied seats on the platform. The building was filled with a splendid crowd. The Commissioner delivered a powerful and practical address, with which the audience was delighted, as well as blessed. The Commissioner's voice showed unmistakable signs of fatigue at the close, which was not lessened by the fact of the severe cold from which snow was suffering.

The marked success of the day's earlier engagements had brought up our anticipation and faith to a high pitch for the night's meeting. When the Commissioner advanced upon the stage at 7:10

**The Large Building was Flocked to its Utmost Capacity,**

with scores standing at the back quite unable to secure a seat. The stage was filled with soldiers, amongst whom our thankful eyes lighted on the converts of the morning. The preliminaries were finished, and the Commissioner arose to address the massive crowd. He was inspired. For over an hour she held the people spellbound. It was no new truth he told, but new to some, and some sinners after severance from all wrong. In tender pleading she besought the sinner to purify with unrighteousness. "Leave it now, and leave it forever," she cried.

**Don't Tittle with Sin.**

It is cruel, blighting, damning. There is only one remedy. Only one! "The blood of Jesus!" Earnestly she pleaded with the crowd, nor desisted until her strength was exhausted, and her voice gone. We had a stiff fight in the prayer meeting, but victory crowned the herculean efforts, and three precious souls stepped into light and liberty, making twenty-six for the day. The income amounted to \$170.

The train which was to bear us to Fargo left at 4 a.m. This left but a very short while for rest. Unfortunately the Commissioner's cold was insisted on, leaving the heated building our beloved Commissioner caught a fresh chill going home which quite incapacitated her from further public work for some days. Nevertheless, at 4 o'clock next morning our baggage was checked and a little later the Commissioner was on her way to Fargo. The Commissioner's cold quite lost her voice. The tones which had thrilled the Opera House throng could only now be heard in a whisper; nor was this the worst, for by the time we arrived at Fargo the cold had developed so rapidly that the Commissioner was obliged to go to bed. A brilliant and quiet night over the prairie, and blew the snow fiercely in the faces of the passer-by. Our hearts were sad at the thought of the suffering which our leader was undergoing.

A splendid crowd gathered in the large hall that had been secured. Despite her weakness the Commissioner insisted on being present, although her voice would not permit her to speak out her heart to the people.

**Her Face Smiling on Them** was some consolation.

Seventy ministers occupied seats on the platform of spoke, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Mooney, the Commissioner's host. Despite the keen and bitter disappointment which the Commissioner's address was not forthcoming, God came wonderfully to our aid—the writer did his best as lender, and we rejected before parting or one soul for salvation, and several for holiness and consecration. What the Commissioner suffered at having her voice so lost, it would be impossible to say. It certainly added considerably to the physical pain she was going through.

At 6 o'clock next morning we were again en route.

### PRISONS AND HOSPITALS.

WILL ALL SALVATIONISTS THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY WHO VISIT PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, SUCH AS PRISONS, HOSPITALS, POOR HOUSES, ETC., WHO DO NOT REPORT THE SAME TO T. H. Q. WRITE TO MRS. READ, SECRETARY FOR THE LEAGUE OF MERCY WORK.



# Skirmishers and Sharpshooters.

## KEY TO THEIR REPORTS.

Now Every Soldier Can Help to Make the Siege Interesting, Successful, and a Blessing to Himself.

**VERY** soldier and recruit is requested to carefully read the following ten Coupons, and to resolve to use at least one of these every week during the Siege. This, of course, is not compulsory, but when done with joyful willingness will be recognized as a manifestation of that beautiful spirit that shall triumph over all difficulties. The more coupons you can use the better. Fill in your name and corps, out and, after being initiated by your officer, send the same to the Provincial Officer direct or through the officer in charge of the corps.

The Coupons will be forwarded by the P. O. to the Commissioner, who will suitably recognize and acknowledge the same; also will cause to appear in the War Cry a list of the names of the competitors, with the photos of the most successful ones. The Coupons are numbered as follows:—

1. Open-Airs.
2. Kneze-Drills.
3. Soldier-Making.
4. Soul-Saving.
5. Reclamation of Backsliders.
6. Visiting.
7. War Cry Selling.
8. Reconciliation.
9. Band of Love Extension.
10. J. S. Company Attendance.

### (1) Open-Airs.

This is to Certify that I have attended this week all Open-Airs held by my corps. I believe in the importance of the Open Airs and their opportunities to arrest the attention of multitudes who otherwise would be outside of our reach, and I will attend as frequently as my circumstances will permit.

NAME ..... Date .....

CORPS ..... C. O.'s Initials .....

### (2) Kneze-Drills.

This is to Certify that I have attended all early morning Kneze-Drills held by my corps this week. I believe that the Kneze-Drills are a personal help to me as well as an inspiration to my comrades, and I will, if possible, attend all Kneze-Drills during the Siege.

NAME ..... Date .....

CORPS ..... C. O.'s Initials .....

### (3) Soldier-Making.

This is to Certify that I have obtained during this week the registration of ..... recruits, who have also declared their intention to become soldiers. I believe that men and women saved by the Salvation Army from the ranks, because there they find the most opportunities of the greatest amount of service for God in the Salvation of their fellowmen.

NAME ..... Date .....

CORPS ..... C. O.'s Initials .....

### (4) Soul-Saving.

This is to Certify that during this week by the blessing of God I have led ..... souls to the penitent form, and that many have testified to having received salvation. I believe that in personal dealing with unconverted men and women as the most effective means of convincing them of their sin and pointing them to the Saviour, and I will help to make the Siege successful by my personal efforts in this direction.

NAME ..... Date .....

CORPS ..... C. O.'s Initials .....

### (5) Reclamation of Backsliders.

This is to Certify that during this week I have by the help of God led ..... backsliders to the penitent form, and believe them to have found forgiveness. Realizing the great hindrance which backsliders are to the advancement of the Kingdom by their example upon the unconverted, and remembering the sorrow of heart and bitterness of soul which must be their lot, I shall endeavor to reclaim backsliders especially during the Siege.

NAME ..... Date .....

CORPS ..... C. O.'s Initials .....

### (6) Visiting.

This is to Certify that I have visited during this week ..... converts, ..... backsliders, ..... sinners, and have prayed with ..... of these. Being unable to attend meetings as frequently as I desire, I have determined to spend each time as I can spare in visiting our converts to encourage them, the backsliders to reclaim them, and the sinners to turn them from their sin.

NAME ..... Date .....

CORPS ..... C. O.'s Initials .....

### (7) War Cry Selling.

This is to Certify that I have sold ..... copies of this issue of the War Cry. Believing that the War Cry can reach homes and hearts that otherwise are untouched, and knowing that it has carried salvation to many souls, I will do my best to help in the selling of the War Cry during the Siege.

NAME ..... Date .....

CORPS ..... C. O.'s Initials .....

### (8) Reconciliation.

This is to Certify that I have reasonable evidence that through my personal effort during this week, and by the grace of God, ..... men and women have been reconciled to each other. I am convinced that many otherwise beautiful lives have been useless in the service of God on account of existing ill-feeling towards a neighbor, and desire to use my influence in every wise way to reconcile such persons to each other.

NAME ..... Date .....

CORPS ..... C. O.'s Initials .....

### (9) Band of Love Extension.

This is to Certify that I have succeeded in winning during this week ..... new members for the Band of Love. I am persuaded that I can successfully use my time and influence by recruiting new members of the Band of Love, and I will exert all my energy for this purpose during the Siege.

NAME ..... Date .....

CORPS ..... C. O.'s Initials .....

### (10) Increase in J. S. Attendance.

This is to Certify that during this week I have secured ..... more children to attend the J. S. Company meetings. Being the hope of the future in the children, and believing it is most pleasing to God that we should serve Him from early childhood, I will plan and work to increase the J. S. Company attendance well further during the Siege.

NAME ..... Date .....

CORPS ..... C. O.'s Initials .....

## OUR WAR CRY WAR.

Eastern Province has a Big Lead—East Ontario Second—West Ontario Third.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS—HUSTLERS, 100; SALES, 6,645.

### Eastern Province.

Hustlers, 38. — | Crys, 2,461.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown ..... 376  
Lieut. Selig, Windsor ..... 359  
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax ..... 350  
Lieut. Annie Martin, St. Stephen ..... 312  
Capt. Armstrong, John III. .... 310  
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow ..... 307  
Arnold Gibbons, St. Georges, Ber. .... 300  
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow ..... 299  
Endot Maggie Melke, St. John ..... 298  
Mrs. Adjt. Miller, North Sydney ..... 285  
George Wambolt, Halifax ..... 271  
Sergt. Alice J. Johnston ..... 271  
Sergt. Major J. Vison, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks) ..... 269

Sergt. B. A. Crane, Fredericton ..... 265  
Cadet J. A. McElhannon, Fredericton ..... 260  
Ensign Murray, Halifax ..... 250  
Capt. J. D. Clark, Fredericton ..... 243  
Sergt. M. Holden, Windsor ..... 240  
Sergt. Reid, E. John I. .... 239  
Sergt. Major Carr, Windsor ..... 239  
Fred Webster, Windsor ..... 239  
Julia Esper, St. John I. .... 238  
St. C. S. G. Smith, St. John I. .... 237  
Mabel Ludlow, St. John I. .... 236  
Sister Blakeney, Moncton ..... 234  
Sergt. Irone, Windsor ..... 231  
Capt. Pierce, St. John I. .... 231  
Joe Dunkley, St. Georges, Ber. .... 230  
Lieut. Hudson, St. John III. .... 230  
Sergt. Day, North Sydney ..... 230  
Sergt. Chisholm, St. John I. .... 229  
Bro. Ernest Betts, Moncton ..... 228  
Sergt. McDonald, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks) ..... 227

Sister Mary Seaton, St. John I. .... 221  
Adelaide Green, Fredericton ..... 220  
Lieut. Green, Summerside ..... 224  
Sister Margaret, Moncton ..... 220  
Cadet Smith, Moncton ..... 220

### East Ontario.

Hustlers, 30. — | Crys, 1,645.

Sergt. Mrs. Shannon, Ottawa ..... 140  
Capt. Stanforth, Burlington ..... 139  
Capt. Hill, Adelaide ..... 138  
Capt. Kirk, Quebec ..... 106  
Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, Ottawa ..... 105  
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal II. (av. 2 wks) ..... 94  
St. M. Little Gail, St. Albans, Vt. .... 91  
Capt. Chappell, Keewauke ..... 65  
Sergt. D. Perkins, Barre, Vt. .... 62  
Lieut. Dawson, Deseronto ..... 60  
Capt. French, Peterboro ..... 59  
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall (av. 2 wks) ..... 57

Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall (av. 2 wks) ..... 47  
Lieut. Dorr, Renfrew ..... 46  
Mrs. Duddley, Ottawa ..... 40  
Sergt. Maud Wilson, Ottawa ..... 40  
Sergt. Alice, Cornwall (av. 2 wks) ..... 30  
Ensign Kerr, Peterboro ..... 28  
Bro. H. Stephen, Barre, Vt. .... 28  
Capt. Comstock, Deseronto ..... 25  
Mrs. Greene, Peterboro ..... 25  
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall ..... 25  
Hannah Smith, Peterboro ..... 25  
Mrs. Barber, Burlington (av. 2 wks) ..... 20  
Capt. McCreight II. .... 20  
Emma Skidmore, Fleton ..... 20  
Mrs. Sturney, Fleton ..... 20  
Lydia Phelps, Fleton ..... 20  
Sergt. Fergusson, Fleton ..... 20  
Sergt. Verner, Ottawa ..... 20

### Central Ontario.

Hustlers, 25. — | Crys, 847.

Capt. Lott, Owen Sound ..... 71  
Lieut. Skedden, Hamilton I. .... 70  
Capt. John Slater, Orillia ..... 70  
Capt. McCann, North Bay ..... 56  
Bro. Jos. Gray, Midland ..... 52  
Lieut. Mainland, North Bay ..... 52  
Sergt. Major Bowers, Ligar St. .... 52  
Geo. Brass, Hamilton I. .... 40  
Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines ..... 31  
Helen Stevens, St. Catharines ..... 31  
Geo. Thatcher, Hamilton I. .... 30  
Bro. Small, St. Catharines ..... 30  
Sergt. Major Bowers, Ligar St. .... 28  
John Ford, Harry Bassett, Ligar St. .... 25  
Geo. Case, Hamilton I. .... 25  
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I. .... 22  
May Donaldson, Ligar St. .... 22  
Lieut. Dorr, Renfrew ..... 22  
Bro. Fisher, Hamilton I. .... 20  
Ueelo George, Hamilton I. .... 20  
Mrs. Guibbe, Hamilton I. .... 20  
Mrs. Ames, Hamilton I. .... 20  
Mrs. Pasmore, Hamilton I. .... 20  
Geo. Daniels, Hamilton I. .... 20  
Sister McCue, Hamilton I. .... 20  
Capt. Rowe, Hamilton I. .... 20

### West Ontario.

Hustlers, 28. — | Crys, 1,250.

Sergt. McDougall, Goderich ..... 117  
Lieut. Fife, Wingham ..... 117  
Capt. Fred Young, London ..... 108  
Sergt. F. Smith, allcuburg ..... 78  
Ensign Scott, Barrie ..... 70  
Lieut. Hookin, St. Catharines ..... 70  
Ensign Ottaway, Petrolia ..... 70  
Capt. W. H. Cockerill, St. Thomas ..... 65  
Cand. Hillard, Berlin, (av. 2 wks) ..... 65  
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas ..... 60  
Sergt. Mrs. Betts, London ..... 46  
M. Lloyd, Inndor ..... 45

Sister Matthews, London ..... 42  
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin (av. 2 wks) ..... 40  
Lieut. Godeling, Berlin (av. 2 wks) ..... 32  
Mrs. Scott, Guelph ..... 32  
Fred Palmer, London ..... 30  
Mary Fritchley, Listowel ..... 30  
Capt. McDougall, Goderich ..... 12  
Sister Southall, London ..... 20  
Lieut. Gatake, Listowel ..... 20  
J. D. Andrews, Berlin ..... 21  
Capt. Stote, Guelph ..... 20  
Father Griffin, Barrie ..... 20  
Cand. Beach, Petrolia ..... 20  
Sergt. Blackwell, Petrolia ..... 20

### North-West.

Hustlers, 4. — | Crys, 126.

Capt. B. LeDrew, Brandon ..... 41  
Lieut. B. Clarke, Brandon ..... 40  
J. B. Sergt. Johnson, Brandon ..... 25  
J. B. Sergt. Mansell, Brandon ..... 20

### Pacific.

Hustlers, 4. — | Crys, 375.

Lieut. Kruil, Victoria ..... 375  
Sergt. C. Van Camp, Dillon ..... 35  
Sister Lewla, Victoria ..... 40  
Sister Mortimer, Victoria ..... 35

### Unavoidably held over from last week.

### East Ontario.

Hustlers, 28. — | Sales, 1,404.

Sergant Shannon, Ottawa ..... 100  
Ensign Walker, Belleville ..... 100  
Captain Hill, St. Albans, Vermont ..... 121  
Captain Little Wilson, St. Johnsbury ..... 105  
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville ..... 75  
Mrs. Adjutant Malby, Fleton ..... 75  
Sergant-Major Little Gail, St. Albans, Vermont ..... 70  
Lieutenant Edgerton, Fleton ..... 67  
Sergant Annie Lawson, Ottawa ..... 60  
Captain Finley, Montreal I. .... 60  
Sergant Rogers, Montreal I. .... 60  
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I. .... 60  
Sergant Mrs. Duddley, Ottawa ..... 40  
Sergant Maud Wilson, Ottawa ..... 40  
Mother Lewis, Montreal I. .... 38  
Candidate G. C. Williams, Keewauke ..... 38  
Captain Comstock, Deseronto ..... 33  
Sergant Jennie Verner, Ottawa ..... 28  
Captain Nellie Connors, Port Hope ..... 28  
Captain George Williams, Port Hope ..... 28  
Sergant-Major George Coley, Montreal I. .... 21  
Mrs. Sturmy, Fleton ..... 20  
Lydia Phelps, Fleton ..... 20  
Sister Mary Harper, Montreal I. .... 20  
Sister Jennie Wilson, Montreal I. .... 20  
Sergant Root, Belleville ..... 20

### Central Ontario.

Hustlers, 25. — | Sales, 796.

Candidate Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I. .... 100  
Captain Slater, Orillia ..... 60  
Sergant Bowers, Ligar Street ..... 40  
Sergt. Brown, Ligar Street ..... 40  
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines ..... 40  
Sergant Brass, Hamilton I. .... 40  
Captain Stolkier, Riverside ..... 31  
Sergant E. Yorkville, Riverside ..... 31  
Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines ..... 30  
Lieutenant Meeks, Warton ..... 27  
May Donaldson, Ligar ..... 27  
Brother Stevens, Ligar ..... 27  
Brother Small, St. Catharines ..... 26  
Captain White, Warton ..... 26  
Brother Galtam, Riverside ..... 25  
Mrs. Gaskin, Yorkville ..... 25  
Lieutenant Bloss, Riverside ..... 23  
Ensign Attwell, Riverside ..... 22  
Sister Little, Hamilton I. .... 22  
Sergant Annie Stickle ..... 21  
Sergant Daniels, Hamilton I. .... 20  
Sister G. Gaskin, Riverside ..... 20  
Sister Mrs. Weldon, Hamilton I. .... 20  
Sister Mrs. Pasmore, Hamilton I. .... 20  
Sister Mrs. Ames, Hamilton I. .... 20

### Eastern Province.

Hustlers, 22. — | Sales, 1,630.

Captain McIntyre, Charlottetown ..... 150  
Joe Dunkley, St. Georges, Bermuda ..... 185  
Lieutenant Selig, Windsor ..... 180  
Lieutenant Annie Martin, St. Stephen ..... 80  
Sister J. Clarke, Fredericton ..... 80  
Sergant Holden, Windsor ..... 50  
Sergant A. Crane, Fredericton ..... 50  
Mrs. Blackwood, Westville ..... 57  
Sergant Alice Lyons, Fredericton ..... 53  
Cadet J. A. McElhannon, Fredericton ..... 48  
Captain Bowering, Sydney (average 2 weeks) ..... 46  
Mrs. Captain Bowering, Sydney ..... 42  
Lieut. Godeling, Berlin ..... 42  
Sarah Bean, St. Georges, Bermuda ..... 40  
Sergant E. Vallis, Hamilton (average 2 weeks) ..... 35  
Sergt. Moore, Fredericton ..... 35  
Arnold Gibbons, St. Georges, Bermuda ..... 30  
Maud Beatty, Fredericton ..... 25  
Sister A. Hunt, Fredericton ..... 25  
Sergant Major Fitch, Fredericton ..... 21  
Adelaide Green, Fredericton ..... 21  
Jessie Irons, Windsor ..... 20





## MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:—

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be-  
trifled, or assist, if possible, wronged  
girls, widows or children, or any person  
in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER  
EVA ROOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto,  
Canada, and mark enquiry on the en-  
velopes.

If possible send fifty cents to defray a  
part of the expenses.  
We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers  
and friends will look through the Missing  
Column regularly, and if they see any  
cases which they could help us with, we  
would be pleased if they would do so.

## First Insertion.

294. THOMAS STUBBS. An Englishman.  
Tall, dark, and a little deaf. A-  
bout 40 years of age. His wife and  
family are very anxious about him and  
are in want. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

295. ANDREW J. CHAMON. Last  
heard of in Glenora, Ont. Dark com-  
plexion, dark eyes, quite bald, scar on  
cheek, age about 52, Englishman. When  
leaving Glenora spoke of going to Win-  
dypore, Man. Address, S. A. Inquiry, To-  
ronto.

293. MICHAEL or JOHN WOODS. For-  
merly from Canada, last heard from  
in Brooklyn, New York. By making his  
whereabouts known, would be to his ad-  
vantage. Address, S. A. Inquiry, To-  
ronto.

295. MICHAEL, PATSEY and JOHN  
REEDY. Left Waterford, Ireland for  
New Brunswick, England, and Michael  
were farmers and would be very useful.  
33 years of age. Address, S. A. Inquiry,  
Toronto.

290. JOHN PERRIN. Left Wednes-  
bury, England, 1886, came to Canada. Last  
heard of when he left Toronto, 19th April  
1871. Age about 70 years. Carpenter and  
book-keeper. Address, S. A. Inquiry, To-  
ronto.

293. GEO. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.  
Age 19. Last seen by his mother three  
years ago. At that time he was a  
rather stout, stiff built lad and very fair.  
He wrote to his mother, Oakville, shortly  
after his visit. Supposed to be on a farm  
somewhere. His mother is very anxious  
to hear from him. Address, Inquiry,  
Toronto.

293. THOMAS or JAMES KARN. Left  
Brimington, Ireland, about 25 years ago  
for Cincinnati, Ohio. The daughter of  
Samuel Karn is anxious to hear from him.  
Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

## Second Insertion.

293. WILLIAM MITCHELL. Age 12  
years, fair hair, dark mark under left  
eye. Thought to have gone to Montreal.  
Father enquires for news. Address, In-  
quiry, Toronto.

294. ROBERT FREDERICK MUL-  
LETT. Age 24 years, height 5 ft. 10 in.,  
dark and stout. Was a stationer and  
six or seven years ago in Ontario. Was  
working on a farm in Donaldson Mills,  
Ontario, and had a horse. He came  
about Dr. Barnardo's Home 12 years ago.  
Was supposed he had gone out of his  
mind in Toronto. Has lived at Blight  
and Moscow. Anyone knowing his where-  
abouts please address Inquiry, Toronto.

295. MARY ANN LEWIS. Came to  
Canada in 1876. Supposed to be some-  
where in Ontario. Address, Inquiry, To-  
ronto.

296. SAMUEL FARNILL. He was  
taken from Frontenac Court House, June  
21st, 1890. Supposed to be in Canada.  
Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

297. HENRY SYKES. Age 27 years.  
Last heard of in Toronto. Was then  
working in a woolen business. Address,  
Inquiry, Toronto.

298. MRS. J. GALE. nee CURTIS.  
Last heard of in Ottawa. Address, In-  
quiry, Toronto.

293. HENRY INGREY. Age 64 years.  
Farm laborer, height 5 ft. 7 in., fair com-  
plexion. His last address was care of  
Mrs. Moore, Fairbanks P. O., York, Ont.  
Sister Sarah enquires. Address, Inquiry,  
Toronto.

290. J. R. RICHARDS. Height 5 ft. 9  
in., broad built, fair complexion, clean  
shaven, telegraph clerk. Last heard of  
in January, 1887. Address then was care  
of Mr. Jackson, 100, York, Ontario.  
Mother is broken-  
hearted because he does not write. Ad-  
dress, Inquiry, Toronto.

291. EDWARD and SISAN FULLER  
(brother and sister). Left Asken, near  
Barrow in Furness, Eng. in 1870, for  
Wingham, Manitoba. Mrs. G. White, of  
Norman St., Great Western Derby, Eng.,

## SIEGE SONGS FOR JUNIORS' WEEK.

## The Children's Saviour.

Tune.—Blessed Lord (B.J. 51, 1).

Blessed Saviour, Thou who loves us,  
Thou Who for the children died,  
Bless us as we now are gathered  
In Thy name, the Crucified.  
Wash us, Saviour, wash us, Saviour,  
Wash us in the cleansing tide.

Blessed Lord, our hearts are panting  
To be filled with more of Thee;  
As we come, oh, make us willing,  
Send the fire and set us free.  
Make us, Saviour, more like Thee,  
Make us, Saviour, more like Thee.

## Holiness Solo.

Tune.—Safe in the arms of Jesus.

In Jesus' name, His people  
Assemble here to-day,  
Knowing that He is able  
To answer while we pray:  
We're asking, seeking, knocking,  
Thou canst give all we need;  
For streams our souls are thirsting,  
A flood-tide, O Lord, we plead.

## Chorus.

Give us a full salvation,  
Send us a cleansing wave,  
Free us from condemnation,  
Jesus can fully save.  
This saving, cleansing River  
Makes glad the saint of God;  
It flows for 'whosoever',  
'This Fountain filled with Blood,  
Springs rest from condemnation,  
Truth to the inward part;  
This river of salvation,  
Makes clean the foulest heart.

For deeper depths of blessing,  
For higher heights above;  
Still length and breadth surpassing,  
Thou art a sea of love.  
One plunge will end thy doubting,  
One plunge drive fears away,  
One plunge will set thee shouting,  
For joy, both night and day.

No limit to Thy mercy,  
No limit to Thy power,  
No limit to the victory  
Offered to thee this hour;  
This moment He is saving,  
'This moment I believe,  
This moment Thou art cleansing,  
This moment I receive.

## Second Chorus.

I have a full salvation,  
I feel the cleansing wave,  
Made free from condemnation,  
Jesus has fully saved.

Colonel Lawley.

## Hallelujah!

Tune.—Over Jordan B.J. 17.

I'm a soldier of the Lord,  
And I fully trust in God,  
I've been washed in Jesus' blood,  
Hallelujah!  
While I'm fighting for my King,  
I will make salvation ring,  
And to Jesus sinners bring,  
Hallelujah!

## Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
When our labors here are o'er.

is anxious to hear of them, or address,  
Inquiry, Toronto.

292. HENRY BRAMWELL A. COMB.  
A native of Yorkshire, Eng. 39 years of  
age, fair complexion, 5 ft. 9 in., 160 lbs.  
Left home five years ago for Buffalo.  
All's well if he returns. American Cry  
please copy.

293. HOBBS, ISAAC. Age 67, occupa-  
tion tanner and farmer, height 5 ft. 8 in.  
Missing 15 years. Supposed to have gone  
to Manitoba. Friends who wish him well  
desire to know of his condition.

294. HINTON AUSTIN, or AUSTIN  
HINTON. Left Wednesbury, Eng. for  
Halifax or Winnipeg about 16 years ago  
on the steamer Polyanna.

295. OATHOUT, JOHN ELMORE.  
Young man, dark complexion, roman  
nose, black hair, and coarse features,  
scar of a catarrh near the right of the  
left eye. When his parents went to the  
States he was left behind in Canada.

293. WHITELY, W. Age 23, height 5  
ft. 10 in., fair complexion. Was in San  
Francisco in 1894 in partnership running  
a restaurant. Mother enquires.

297. HUTLEY, EDWARD. Age 19,

There's a home for us in store,  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Then we'll sing for evermore,  
Hallelujah!

Once in sin I used to be,  
But the Lord took hold of me,  
And from sin I'm now set free,  
Hallelujah!  
For He did not say me nay,  
When His call I did obey;  
All my sins He washed away!  
Hallelujah!

There's a home above for all,  
If to Jesus they will call;  
None need to the devil fall,  
Hallelujah!  
He will place His power within,  
He will keep you free from sin,  
Then with us you'll shout and sing,  
Hallelujah!

## Mercy's Call.

Tune.—Way down upon the Swance  
River, or, All the world can ne'er con-  
sole thee (B.J. 157).

In love we now entreat you, sinner,  
Your sins forsake;  
Lest they at death should meet you,  
sinner,  
Bound for the Burning Lake.

## Chorus.

In this day of mercy, sinner,  
Jesus waits to save;  
Life is uncertain, and to-morrow  
You may be in your grave.  
Life is at best uncertain, sinner,  
Soon all gone by;  
This night may fall the curtain, sinner,  
And you be called to die.

From all your guilt and sorrow, sinner,  
You can be free;  
You may not see to-morrow, sinner,  
Let Christ your Saviour be.  
Major T. C. Marshall,  
Editor of All the World.

## Prove His Love.

Tunes.—Rejoice in the Lord (B.J. 31);  
Saviour's love (B.J. 63); I believe we  
shall win (B.J. 25).

5 Once again, in the name of the  
King,  
Let me tell you how great is His  
love!  
How He died on the cross, peace to bring,  
How He reigneth in Glory above.

## Chorus.

Come and prove Jesus' love,  
Let His blood wash you whiter than  
snow;  
Come and prove Jesus' love,  
Let His blood wash you whiter than  
snow.

'Twas for all sinful men that He died,  
Even now o'er your sins He doth give;  
Still for you flows the best cleansing  
tide,  
And He'll save, if on Him you believe.

Brother, now from your sins turn away,  
Ere the day of salvation is past;  
If to seek Him too long you delay,  
Your regrets will be useless at last.  
Lorette Damon.

height 5 ft. 6 in., grey eyes, brown hair.  
Last heard of in Nova Scotia. By trade  
blacksmith.

298. GOODING-JAMES, JOHN, WILLIAM,  
MARY and EMILY. James last  
heard of from Alpine, Mich. Their brother  
Charles is anxious to hear from them.

299. EINAR, BREVG. Age 23, tall,  
large dark eyes, dark hair. Last heard  
of as a actor three years ago in San  
Francisco.

300. BLOM, KRISTIAN F. Age 22,  
native of Norway, sailor. Last heard of  
in Juba Co., California.

301. McALLISTER, ROBERT. Left  
Port Glasgow 12 years ago. Seen in Cal-  
ifornia, four years ago. Sister Isabel  
enquires.

302. LAPPIN, THOMAS. Last heard of  
England 12 years ago. Last heard of as  
seaman in San Francisco, five years ago.  
May now be in Bath Street. Mother and  
Sister enquires.

303. ASLIN, ADA. Age 40, tall, blue  
eyes, light hair. Supposed to have gone  
from thence to San Francisco. Sister  
Alice Clegg enquires.

304. PLUMBRIDGE, JAMES WILLIAM,  
also THELPH or PHILPOT. Age 23,  
height 5 ft. 10 in., blue eyes. Supposed  
to be the owner of a fruit store in San  
Francisco.

306. GOBEL, JAMES. Age 23, short  
and stout, dark complexion. Address 12  
months ago I. G. O. Shasto Co., Calif.  
Thought to have moved to the gold  
mines. Mother anxious.

306. HUNT, MRS. or her representa-  
tives who advertised for Mr. Turner,  
Waltham, London, Eng. in 1857.

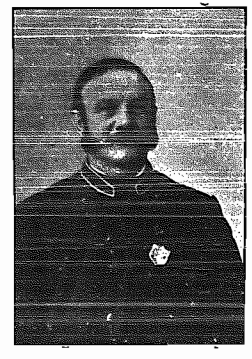
307. COLLINS, WM. JOHN. Age 44,  
height 5 ft. 8 in., light hair, blue eyes,  
fair complexion. Left Redruth in Eng-  
land for California, in 1879. Last heard  
of in 1882. Parents enquire.

308. ROBERTS, D. H. Last heard of  
five years ago, when he was in San Jose,  
Cal. By trade he is a mason plasterer,  
but sometimes worked as a cook.

309. WILLIAM H. HAMILTON. For-  
merly of White Lake, County Renfrew,  
Ontario. Left Calgary late in 1885, and  
went to British Columbia. Last heard  
of was in Three Forks, in April, 1886.  
Anyone knowing his whereabouts please  
address Inquiry Toronto.

310. WILLIAM SMITH, son of Thos.  
Smith. Came out to Elytown, U. S. A.,  
57 years ago, from Belfast, Ireland. Was  
heard from three years ago. Was then  
very sick. Has a brother dead and dumb.  
Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

311. MAGGIE FOGSON. Age about 26  
years. Was adopted by George and  
Susanna Lewin in April, 1873. Was then  
living at 233 Main St. West, Hamilton,  
Ont. Last heard from in 1880. Will she  
write to her uncle, Benjamin Fogson,  
Woodstock, Ont.



TREASURER MASON, SINCOS CORPS

Treasurer Charles Mason is an old and  
tried veteran of the Army.  
Always ready with a smile and a word  
to cheer and encourage the weak.  
A father and friend to the Juniors, and  
a strength and stay to the officers, he is  
deservedly loved by all who know him.  
He now represents his ward in the Town  
council, being voted there by a large  
majority at the beginning of the year.

## Official Notice.

SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS IN OR  
VISITING TORONTO ARE CORDIAL-  
LY INVITED TO THE NOON MEET-  
INGS (2 to 1) HELD IN THE JUBILEE  
HALL, ALBERT STREET, TORONTO,  
ON MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS.—  
Brigadier Margetta.

## THE SIEGE

REMEMBER THE VALUE  
OF UNIFORM.

\*

WEAR IT.

## THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling  
to the  
OLD COUNTRY,  
we would like to call special attention  
to the fact that we can secure tickets  
for all the OCEANIC STEAMSHIP LINES,  
on very favorable terms. For full par-  
ticulars apply to STANT-CALLES  
STEWART, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

## LIFE AND LABORS OF

James Dowdle  
COMMISSIONER.

## A Biography.

## CHAPTER VII.

'Strap Pudding'—The Work at Poplar—The St. Leonard's Mass Hall—Saved from the Lazy Devil—A Christian Mission Wedding.

**D**URING James Dowdle's stay in the Poplar District they formed what was called "A Hallelujah Band of Navvies." As may be supposed these men had all drunk deeply of sin, and consequently they embraced joyfully this opportunity of proclaiming the love which had stooped to rescue them. John Allen, "Strap Pudding," "Brandy Clark," "Green-grocer Nobby," and a number of others were announced to sing and give their experience. They attracted great attention as they went from hall to hall, theatre to theatre, publishing the wonderful things God had done for and in them. Crowds flocked to hear the marvellous stories, and many trophies were won from among the vilest and apparently hopeless.

## "Strap Pudding"

was a man who had earned his nickname in the following manner. Before he met saved he used to chastise or "strap" his wife with his belt. Instead of appealing to the magistrates, as some women would have done, she, being a resourceful woman, took matters into her own hands.

From Poplar, James Dowdle was appointed at Shorefield district. "This, I found," said James, "to be a nest of vice—jail-birds and keepers of houses of ill-fame were specially numerous—but God worked mightily even here." On one of the first Sundays spent in this district the "Hallelujah Band of Navvies" kept up open-air meetings all day and at night occupied the St. Leonard's Music Hall. The place was crowded and a wave of salvation rolled over the great throng. Seventeen blasphemers sought mercy on the stage and before very long rejoiced in a glorious deliverance.

It was very difficult for a people completely unversed in the art of self-control to believe that anyone possessed of such broad shoulders and powerful arms as James Dowdle could possibly at one and the same time, be ruled by a meek and gentle spirit; they judged according to their own standard, and were thus kept in check by the sight of the preacher's stalwart proportions.

On one occasion a young man interrupted a speaker in the open-air. One of the mission band spoke kindly to him, at the same time urging him to seek the salvation of his soul. The young man, for reply, threatened to

## Knock the Missioner Down.

James, who had overheard this threat, said, "If there is to be any knocking down must be by the right and not begin with me; but we will first pray."

Before he had time to get upon his knees the man had sneaked away. He said, no doubt, remembered the copy-book maxim, "Discretion is the better part of valor."

In three or four weeks some seventy sinners had sought and found pardon, their names had been registered, and they had also been visited in their homes—the only way rightly to appreciate and

was not lacking in candour, for he replied, "All that is true, but I have a wife and children at home starving." A loaf was given him, and he tucked it under his arm and remained listening quietly. As the meeting proceeded the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and when James took him by the hand and commenced to pray that God would bless the bread to his body and save his soul, he offered no resistance. When the meeting ended he took home the loaf, washed himself and returned to the evening meeting and

## Got Gloriously Saved from Lazy-devil Included.

It was during stay at Shorefield that what Commissioner Dowdle describes as "a great and happy event" came off. This was his marriage with Sarah Ann Stevens, of Providence Hall, Paddington. Mr. Stevens, as we have already seen, had been a veritable spiritual father to James, and this union with his beloved daughter cemented the bond of sympathy and affection which had so long existed between them. Miss Stevens had been crucified in piety, and from her thirteenth year had lived in an atmosphere of good work. She was thus fitted to be a helpful comrade in the great battle for souls to which James had consecrated his life. The happy day was celebrated by the General at his own house in Victoria Park, on April 24th, 1893. Thirty-two guests sat down to the wedding feast, and it included nearly all the Evangelists belonging to the mission.

After stirring addresses from the General, beloved thus by the few as he is now by the many, the father of the bride and several others, a very glorious Holy Ghost time followed. That same evening Dowdle preached to a large audience in Providence Hall, and God set His approving seal upon the meeting.

Bound together for salvation work

**Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle Chase Shorefield** as a suitable spot in which to spend their honeymoon, and the days and weeks flew by in active service, their union being almost immediately sanctified by the salvation of souls. A young woman who had been attending the meetings became very anxious on account of her sin, but could not be persuaded to accept Christ as her Saviour. Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle invited her to tea in the newly-formed home, hoping to be able to remove her difficulty. After tea they commenced to pray, and after a struggle which lasted for an hour and a half, the girl ventured her all upon Jesus and obtained his victory.

Both bride and bridegroom looked upon this as a good omen for future usefulness and gave God the glory.

(To be Continued.)

## Helps for J. S. Workers.

## A Roman Officer and His Servant.

Matt. viii. 5-12.

Historical.

**A** CENTURION—a Roman officer in command of one hundred men. Centurion—From Latin centurio from centum (a hundred). One of several centurions of whom good things are recorded. His building a synagogue was suggestive of his wealth and piety. See Luke vii. 5. "For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue." He loved the Jewish nation, and showed himself practical by giving them a free building to worship God in. No doubt he would help in other special efforts. Special efforts on behalf of the poor or the sick. He would not only erect a synagogue at his own expense, but contributed to the maintenance of the worship therein. Evidently his contact with Christ had made a great impression upon his mind and heart, as evidenced by his unstinted generosity. He was a good Gentile.

**Character—**This Centurion was a Model of Believing Confidence.

He was cordial in affection, and showed undivided love and humility, by which his military rank gave to conscious poverty before the Lord.

Thankfulness.

His outward circumstances and position serving as a testimony to the glory of God.

His Interest in His Servant.

"My servant lieth at home sick." This touched the heart of Jesus, who answered, "I will come and heal him." This centurion was a model officer, in fact a beautiful character through and through. He told Christ that he was a man under authority, not of authority as many quote it. He was anxious to serve not only his country, but his servant. All true greatness can be found in the spirit of service.

In His Humility.

"Not worthy." (Note.—This was a great thing for a Roman to say to a Jew.) In counting himself unworthy that Christ should enter his doors he was quite worthy for Christ to enter his heart. "Speak the word only." God, by His word of command order and disease to march or retreat at His pleasure. Forasmuch this same centurion had been a witness to the conversion of the Demoniac in the Synagogue, and heard His marvellous command to the evil spirit, "Come out of the man." This, with other miracles under his observation, encouraged him to say to Jesus,

"Speak the Word Only."

This wonderful manifestation of faith caused Christ to marvel greatly. (Note.—This was the faith of a Gentile, not of an Israelite.) One would naturally look for faith from a people with such teachings and so many sacred writings as these Jews possessed.

What lesson should this be to us? Count on Jesus for help in these, and said, "Many shall come from the East and West and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven." This takes in even the Gentiles, and teaches us a true and full salvation, but the children of unbelief "shall be cast into outer darkness."

Christ taught and preached the acceptable year of the Lord. He set an example of interest in the welfare of others. The centurion cared for the soul as well as the body of his servant. His high and dignified position as a military officer in the Roman army did not destroy within him the conscious responsibility for the well-being of those by whom he was surrounded. So must we consider what is the effect of our life and character and influence upon the lives and characters of others at work, at play or in the home.

Interest in Others.

Note the interest taken by the centurion in his servant. He now only showed a deep interest in his health, but he cared for his soul. While being a very busy man and faithful to his country's interests, he found time to visit the sick. We are responsible to look after their souls as well as their bodies. Many people hire help to-day, and as long as they do their duty as a servant it is all that is required of them. This is not so. Do your servants believe in your testimony given in the meetings, or have they just cause to discount your word through the lack of interest and duty? Lesson—Faith, Duty, Reward.

Memory Text.

"And his servant was healed in the self-same hour."



"He soon recognized his property."

One day the good man left the belt at home. Now was her opportunity. To burn it would be childish. To sell it would reduce it by buying another which might be harder.

She made it into a pudding and sent it to him for his dinner. Thinking it was a bestick pudding, he cut and commenced to eat. He was no stranger to tough meat, but this was unmanly—the lifted the crust, peered closely at the brown morsels and

## Soon Recognized His Property.

He never thrashed his wife again. "The work at Poplar was not only marvellous on account of the number of conversions, but also for the class of people reached. From the lowest and most abandoned came the brightest jewels, and it was not long before the leaders of the movement recognized the value of this sort of bait for enticing and encouraging others of the same ilk to do as they had done—bring their black hearts and ugly lives to the only true strength enough to change their evil natures and inspire them with pure desires. Through the instrumentality of these moral drunkards, wife-batters and thieves great

## Gaps in the Ranks of the Devil

soon appeared, and there was much joy on earth and in heaven.

understand the temptations and difficulties of those we seek to help and bless.

Not only were the outcasts blessed and saved, but some who were already on the Lord's side had their faith strengthened by seeing the marvellous works of God. One such was a wicked man, who was so stirred up by what she saw and heard that she brought her unconverted son, his wife, and their two daughters to the St. Leonard's Hall. They were all broken down, walked out on to the stage, and found salvation. It was a touching sight to see them

## All Kneeling Together.

and the saved mother holding her daughter's baby. That baby is to-day an officer, and her father is a local officer in one of our large corps.

Whilst holding an open-air in the Commercial Road, one afternoon, two men in the crowd commenced cavilling and sneering about with him, the trademark of idleness. James told him there had been times in the past when he might have helped himself, instead of which he had helped the public, and he was now repaying what he had sown. The loafer



J. F. JORDAN, SERGT.-MAJOR SIMCOE CORPS.

Brother Jordan has been connected with the Simcoe corps ever since he retired from the field some years ago, and has done good service for God and the Army.

Always ready to help, beat the drum, lead a meeting, keep the door, visit the sick, deal with a penitent, or aim a shot at an all-round man and a thorough Salvationist.

He is now Sergeant-Major of the corps, and also acts as Junior Secretary and Librarian at the camp meetings.

**THE WAR CRY**, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, 8, A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.